

Rose Tyler in Hawkins 1984 by ThatOne749

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Summary: Crossover of Parallel-World Rose in Stranger Things season 2. What happens to Rose without a) A TARDIS b) The Doctor, and c) any measure of sanity (or coffee) with a bunch of kids. I don't usually do crossovers, but thought of this quite quickly after watching Stranger Things S2E3.

1. Chapter 1

10 March 2237, Torchwood Three, Cardiff

Rose Tyler, Defender of Earth, Vanquisher of Caliban, Conqueror of Sycorax, Pain in the Arse to Weevilkind, was bored.

Oh sure, leaning over the control centre of Torchwood Three, with a mug (...*bloody Jake!*) declaring 'World's Best (Time jumping) Boss!', and knowing that she was, and had been for the last 222 years been instrumental in preventing TWC (Timey-Wimey Catastrophe) over the earth, it didn't half get tedious after the first 2 centuries.

OF course, not ageing was a significant part of that. Permanently 19. That was ... draining. The novelty wore off after the first 20 years, and seeing her *mum and brother* die, and her nieces, nephews, and more grand-relations than she dared count live and die...

Most mornings she was amazed she stayed sane enough tea.

Taking over torchwood in 2031, after Pete's retirement was ... liberating. Handing central control over to Jake in 2060 when her non-ageing had caused more than a few problems was, well, it *hurt*. But not nearly as much as loosing Mum. But thank God for keeping Torchwood Three, she'd never leave the house otherwise. Speaking of...

She had to break that habit of brooding. Thank god for immortality – or whatever the hell it was – she would've had enough stress lines to rival a shrivelled prune.

"Ah, Jamie, wha'cha go' there then." She perked up at the old – *no*, youn – no, *inexperienced* - torchwood agent, Scottish Jamie, not to be EVER confused with Welsh Jamie, could be counted on to brighten an otherwise tedious day.

"Funilly enough Rosie, remember my mate in Specs?" Their name for CIA.

Rose cast her mind back, trying to place a face to the nickname. Oh

so many hundreds of people to remember, it was a miracle she could hold that information.

"Shor' 'air, frownin' mug, 'ero complex?" Although to be fair, that hardly narrowed the list down, especially when it came to these 'secret service' types.

"The one that wore crap ties like they were goin' ou' o' fasion."

"Ah, Prick Number 4. Wha' 'bout 'im?"

"Found a *Top Secret piece of extraterrestrial tech, which I'm authorised to share only the brifest details with armatures like yourself*." Jamie finished of his remarkable Deep South accent with a few uncomplimentary hand gestures.

"Pfft." Rose shrugged. "Yanks find stuff from NASA n' call it ET Tech 'very ovver Tuesday, don' see why this is 'mportan'."

"It stores Quantum entangled huoun particles and can increase tunnelling to – "

"Ya' coulda mentioned tha' firs', twat." Rose nearly lept over the table. To get her Vortex Manipulator (VM) working (again) she needed very specific technologies and components that Torchwood, or the Rift couldn't provide. If this bit of tech could do that, it implied it came with the same components needed to *finally* repair – sort of repai – *something* with the VM. Rose nearly bolted out the door, barely avoiding the guards stationed outside.

"Rick, 'arry. 'ow ya keepin'."

It was almost Torchwood Three policy that ranks were irrelevant, and first names were a must, even, and this is where Rose had most trouble driving it in, to ex-military or police men and women that joined.

"Fine m- Rose." Rick hastily corrected. He only recently transferred from Torchwood One in Canary Warf, still trying to get used to the more relaxed attitude of Torchwood Three.

By the time the last syllable had left his mouth, Rose had already

turned to the 'normal' computer to book her flights.

"Hey, HEY. ROSE." Jamie was frantically sprinting to get her attention.

"This is properly secured stuff. And someone who has *centuries of experience* needs to watch the rift. Its spewing out a hell of a lot of Weevils." That was one of the reasons that Rose took personal control of T3, the Rift at least made things interesting, and she could still help earth. *He* was the other reason. After John Noble (the duplicate human Doctor) died at the perfectly human age of 97, Rose *knew* that she had the responsibility of Earth, as it's defender, but there was always that small thought in the back of her head, the only other person who would know how she felt.

"We 'ave Torchwood, all seven UK hubs, and if ya' stuck, there's the Euro' ones. You can survive wivout me for a coupl'a days." Rose knew that rather than take all the work on herself, she needed to spread it out. That was mostly a success, with Torchwood having UK and four EU bases. Unfortunately the US and many countries in Asia weren't so keen on 'surrendering' their alien knowledge to an extra-governmental organisation, particularly one with such close ties to the UK government.

Of course the combined knowledge of all of Torchwood Institute could only just rival Rose in alien experiences, but they were getting there, especially with Colin Tyler at the helm. Rose desperately tried not to think how many times her grand-nephew he was, it just made her miss Jackie and Tony all the more.

"Rose, come on, it can't be that important, you could always send someone else to go," Harry, always the cautious one, the dependable one.

"Sorry. Gents I need this, if I can get my VeeEm working, we could stabilise the rift. You know its gotten worse since the SA started launching in Brecon." Plus if stabilising the Rift could allow her to see the Doctor again... well that was just a side bonus.

The SA was the UK Space Agency. With the recent alien contact on earth, having a space programme was yet another way for wealthy

countries to bedeck themselves. Of course the UK started its own agency in 2137, before then it was a member of ESA, before the idea of having a 'British Rocket for British Astronauts' came about. That was one of the messiest political events rose could remember that didn't involve anyone dying.

"Should'a kept the bloody launches in the Highlands. Inconsiderate Pricks." Jamie was quikc to counter.

"Anyway Gents, I need ta see this bit for meself. Need to know the bloody thing'll fi'." Strictly speaking, Rose didn't have to keep up her 'delightful London accent', growing up around money and Pete's friends gave her the 'RP' accent needed for formal events. But Rose saw the accent as one of her defining features, something from her past that she could keep.

The team knew that once a Tyler, any Tyler, got an idea in their heads, escaping a black hole was more achievable than getting them to change their mind.

"OK Boss, but how about we get a Torchwood jet for the trip."

"Nah, too much attention, anyways I think their all bein' used on recon flights." At least non-emergency jets were, and regardless how desparate rose was to maybe get her hands on the components, she wasn't about to scare Torchwood half to death to do it.

"Right you lot, m'gonna fly economy from Gatwick an' tha's then end of it. I'll pack, Jamie get your mate on the phone, 'arry pull together a cover story, Rick, pull up a plan B cover story, I wanna to be wiv the cousins in a week at the latest."

Authors Note: Just in case you need to keep track

TI UK Hubs

London (TIT; torchwood institute Thames, so London is colloquially referred to as the 'bra')

Manchester (TIM; Torchwood institute Manchester, so Manchester is colloquially referred to as tim)

Cardiff (TIC; wales is colloquially referred to as Tock)

Glasgow (TIG; colloquially referred to as Tigger)

Shetland Islands (TIS; is colloquially referred to as islands)

Dublin (TID; is colloquially referred to as Tide)

Belfast (TIP Torchwood Institute Pub; is colloquially referred to as so 'Jar')

TI Europe Hubs

Paris (TIE (Eiffel))

Berlin (TIB, referred to as 'doughnut' (from JFK 'ich bein Berliner' speech)

Brussels (TIEU; referred to as 'breakfast' after continental breakfast)

Athens (TIA, referred to as the 'sunbed')

Cousins: US agents when referred to by UK agents and vice versa (for the odd US torchwood agent available)

Please let me know if you think I got Rose's character right, it's been a while since I watched Billie Piper in Dr Who. And yes, her speech is SUPPOSED to be like that (I like to think that, in the event of living for over 100 years, someone would *aggressively* keep hold of their unique ticks, so Rose speaks much more like the 'shopgirl' Rose in the first episode, just to remember her past), but let me know if anyone thinks I've overdone it

2. Chapter 2

Hawkins, Indiana, October 15th, 1984

Hawkins was not the town people associated with danger. Or excitement. Or anything really that wasn't *routine*.

Nothing major happened in Hawkins, *hell* that Energy Company moving in was all the town talked about for *months*. The Vanishing of Will Byers was *still* the first topic on everybody's minds after *almost a year*.

That suited Jim Hopper just fine. People still talking about what the ki- what they *thought* the kid went through was fine, better then fine. No one talking about anything strange meant nothing strange had happened, and call it paranoia, but every day the newspapers, gossips and his 'feelers' were examined to ensure that *nothing* strange had happened whilst he slept for 6 hours.

The paranoia, lack of sleep, individual 'case' that no one else could know about, it was *almost* like being back at the NYPD, with gang crime, various 'contacts' that no one else could know about, investigations and feelers for 'bouncing trouble' as they called it, *actually protecting people* ... it was *nostalgic*.

But, that was then, and now, Hopper really needed the tedium and sameness of Hawkins to continue, even if he did miss 'the big city life'.

"Well Mrs Jones, I think that pebbles will most likely come back by tomorrow, just keep some cat food out by your door. If you don't see anything by next week, then come back and I'll get Callaghan on the case."

"Chief I don't think you understand, pebbles is my life, after my dear Jacob, p-pass-paaah..."

The aforementioned Mrs Jones broke down into little sobs, about how her 'perfect Jakey' had died, all of two years ago this month, and how her cat had somehow filled that void. Hopper never did get cats,

or replacing people with pets, but he *did* get the long grieving process that, whilst uncomfortable to watch, affected everyone in different ways.

Folding his hands on the table, he leaned forward, speaking how he would to frightened kids.

"Look, Mrs Jones, I know that your, Pebbles, is close to your –"

"Oh more than close Chief so much mo-"

"Ma'am, if you let me finish. Pebbles may have just wanted to Explore, yeah, and he knows that you'll be waiting for him once he gets back."

"Pebbles is a girl chief."

Goddamit, this is why he re-started fucking smoking after moving back here.

"Well ma'am, with the wanted posters out, and cat food by your door, I'd say give it a week, and then we'll get involved."

5pm, he needed to get off work *soon*.

"Now if you excuse me ma'am, I need to go for an important meeting. If you feel that you can add anything, speak to Officer Callaghan."

Should serve the idiot right, throwing out his beer was no small matter. Only two people in Hawkins could do that without consequence.

"Oh Hop, there was a call from," Flo paused, looking at her note. "Joyce Byers earlier. Nothing urgent she said, just rearranging an *appointment*."

OK, yeah, he didn't do himself any favours by sleeping round with half the goddamn town, but *seriously*, she had kids, one of them was the 'Zombie Boy of Hawkins' for Pete sakes. He had low standards, but he wasn't a *monster*.

"Nah, it's OK Flo, I'll call her at home, nothin' important."

"Ok Jim. Have a nice evening."

And with the smile and *look* that was characteristically Flo, of *you WILL have an enjoyable, healthy evening or I'll mother you like nothing*, Jim 'Chief' Hopper ambled out of the station toward his truck.

10 minutes. Thank God it was a quiet day and he could get to his cabin much faster. It was funny how he'd swapped one routine for another so quickly. He ... wasn't a *new* man, not by a long shot, and was a long way off being *better* at anything. But, in the not-quite-year since That, he'd become... focused was probably the best verb.

Even driving back, still thinking about and juggling verbs, nouns, adjectives like some middle school kid. Well, more like one of those 'braniacs' than an average middle schooler, but the analogy still stood.

8 minutes of humming along to Say Say Say, well goddamnit that song was catchy, so sue him. Although anything was better than some of those garbage dramas, of which he was far too familiar with. As the evening darkened, the Chief's car stopped at a seemingly random point in the woods.

Getting out, scouting the area, making sure he wasn't followed... it was almost like 'nam, but this time, instead of him or his buddies that *knew* what the hell they were getting into, it was *kids*...

Carrying on that thought would just piss him off more, he forced himself to stop it there. After another 5 minutes of checking, and finally satisfied, Jim began the roundabout trek to his cabin.

5:20, well 5 minutes later, it wasn't so bad. But the Kid'd probably get annoyed at no signalling. But dammit, if it was anyone else, he'd get pissed at how uptight they were, but the Kid. Well El had every right, moreso than he did, to be paranoid and *scared*.

After stepping over the tripwires, and avoiding the other traps, he finally made it to the door.

Knock Knock

Knock

Knock Knock Knock

Clink clank clink

The noise of chains and locks being undone sounded, as they always did, unnaturally loud against the repeated quiet nights.

Hopper opened the door and strode in. as always, the curly haired girl was in front of that TV. Four booklets neatly piled up beside her, and, strangely, an open Charles Dickens. Well, points for trying at least, Jim thought, even *he* struggled with some of those 'classics'. But school needs were school needs, and no matter how he struggled, he'd be damned if he didn't give the girl a *much* better start than he got.

"Late. No signal?"

He never figured out how he'd got so attached to this tiny teenager who couldn't speak in complete sentences, or preferred not to. In all honesty, part of it was the feeling of a void being filled somewhere in him, well he knew he didn't have a heart, but brain maybe?

"Yeah, sorry kiddo. I was held up, nothing big, just people." To answer her implied question of lateness.

"Byers?" El knew that if he referred to 'people' it was usually adults, it was whenever he complained or mentioned 'kids' that El would perk up, and badger him about his discreet eyes on the Wheeler and Byers families. He hoped that El was past the imprinting stage, but part of him was more worried about teenage drama.

"No kid, just some normal complaints. Christ it's tiring."

"Food." She nodded to the kitchen.

"Aw kid you shouldn't have. Thanks." El's creations weren't too bad, and although Hopper questioned the nutritional value of fried fish and mash, at least El was trying, and learning life skills. And beamed whenever he cleared a plate.

If he discreetly filled up on food on his way back, well that was no-one's business but his own.

Her more traditional attempt, with sausage, baked beans and fries was much easier to get down. He made a note to grab more cookbooks from the store tomorrow.

"So El, how was your day."